THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING

The MERCHANT of VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.
The WINTER's TALE.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

M. DCC. LXVII.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
MOROCHIUS, a Mooriſh prince.
Prince of Arragon.
ANTHONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his friend.
SALANIO, SOLARINO, GRATIANO, } Friends to Anthonio and Baſſanio.
LORENZO, in love with Jeſſica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew.
LAUNCELOT, a clown, ſervant to the Jew.
GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, ſervant to Baſſanio.
BALTHAZAR, STEPHANO, } Servants to Portia.
PORTIA, an heireſs.
NERISSA, waiting-maid to Portia.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia.

THE MERCHANT of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.———
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your Argoſies with portly ſail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads.
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,

But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But tell not me;——I know Anthonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fy, fy!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's ſay you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you're merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar-aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.

Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good Lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My Lord Baſſanio, ſince youv'e found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvelouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A ſtage where every man muſt play his part,
And mine's a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſtar?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks,)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſs'd in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my Anthonio, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo; fare ye well a while;

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Farewell; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.

Anth. Is that any thing now *?

Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well, tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Anthonio,
I owe the moſt in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it:
And if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour; be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,

* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *is that any thing* new?
Johnſon.

I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; by venturing both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſs'd unto it: therefore ſpeak.

Baſſ. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand;
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.

Go, preſently enqure, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Belmont.

Three caſkets are ſet out, one of gold, another of ſilver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages, princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions. I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a huſband. O me, the word, *chuſe!* I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no doubt never be

choſen by any rightly, but one who ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf. I am much afraid, my Lady, his mother, play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then there is the Count Palatine *.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, if you will not have me, chuſe. He hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Monſieur Le Boun?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man. If a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands. If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

* I am always inclined to believe that Shakeſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſplendidly entertained, but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. *Johnſon.*

Ner. What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you may come into the court, and ſwear that I have a poor penny-worth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottiſh Lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his ſurety *, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German †, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make a ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket; for if the devil be within, and that tempta-

* Alluding to the conſtant aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant promiſes of aſſiſtance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the Engliſh. This alliance is here humourouſly ſatirized. *Warburton.*

† In Shakeſpeare's time the Duke of Bavaria viſited London, and was made Knight of the Garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's ſuitors, there may be ſome covert alluſion to thoſe of Queen Elizabeth. *Johnſon.*

tion without, I know he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferret?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True, Madam. He, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, Madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome, with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complection of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, Neriſſa. Sirrah, go before.—While we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A public Place in Venice.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats?—well.

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months?—well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound?—well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and Anthonio bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that?

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.—

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient. Yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient. Three thouſand ducats? I think I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd I may; and that I may be aſſur'd,
I will bethink me. May I ſpeak with Anthonio?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork. I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?——Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior Anthonio.

Shy. aſide.] How like a fawning Publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior;
[*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs;
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom.——Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me ſo;
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee,——but hear you,
Methought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take int'reſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly int'reſt; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings which were ſtreak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob ſerv'd
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to paſs, [for;
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of Heav'n.
Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;——
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, Baſſanio?
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.——
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outſide falſehood hath?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats!——'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Anth. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine;
And all for uſe of that which is my own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to, then;——you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies.——You ſay ſo—
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold.——Money is your ſuit;
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this,——Fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt Wedneſday,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe curteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendſhip take
A breed of barren metal of his friend *?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with;
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it ſhall pleaſe me.

Anth. Content, in faith. I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,

* A *breed*, that is, intereſt money bred from the principal. *Warburton.*

And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard dealings teach them to ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable or profitable,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour I extend this friendſhip;
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.

Baſſ. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay;
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont.

Enter Morochius, *a tawny-moor, all in white; and three or four followers accordingly; with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her train. Flouriſh cornets.*

Morochius.

MIſlike me not for my complection,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſhed ſun,

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice, I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing.
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit *, to yield myſelf
His wife who wins me by that means I told you;
Yourſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that, which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chuſe, if you chuſe wrong,

* I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read, *and hedg'd me by his will.* *Johnſon.*

Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage. Therefore be adviſ'd.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me to my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple. After dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt, or curſed'ſt among men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. Certainly my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away. My conſcience ſays, no; take heed, honeſt Launcelot; take heed, honeſt Gobbo; or, as aforeſaid, honeſt Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; ſcorn running with thy heels. Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; away! ſays the fiend; for the heav'ns, rouſe up a brave mind, ſays the fiend, and run. Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me, my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon, or rather an honeſt woman's ſon——(for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to: he had a kind of taſte)——well, my conſcience ſays, budge not; budge, ſays the fiend; budge not, ſays my conſcience; conſcience, ſay I, you counſel ill; fiend, ſay I, you counſel ill. To be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly coun-

ſel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a baſket.*

Gob. Maſter young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. aſide.] O heav'ns, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not.—I will try concluſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right-hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly into the Jew's houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Maſter Launcelot? (mark me now, [*aſide*] now will I raiſe the waters;) talk you of young Maſter Launcelot?

Gob. No maſter, Sir, but a poor man's ſon. His father, though I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Maſter Launcelot.

Gob. Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo*, I beſeech you; talk you of young Maſter Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo, Maſter Launcelot: talk not of Maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel poſt, a ſtaff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gen-

tleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon. Give me your bleſſing. Truth will come to light. Murder cannot be hid long; a man's ſon may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, ſtand up. I am ſure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am Launcelot the Jew's man; and I am ſure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed.—I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my thill-horſe, has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent. How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very Jew. Give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I

ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father—for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

Enter Baſſanio, *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo.—But let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock. See theſe letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your Worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve——

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify——

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your Worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves that I would beſtow upon your Worſhip; and my ſuit is——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your Worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well. Thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit;
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well. Go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery
[*To his followers.*
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a ſervice, no?—I have ne'er a tongue in my head?——Well, [*looking on his palm,*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book——I ſhall have good fortune.——Go to, here's a ſimple line of life. Here's a ſmall trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming-in for one man. And then to 'ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.—Here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance. Hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

SCENE III.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Exit* Leon.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio——

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt. But hear thee, Gratiano,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T'allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, Amen;
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well-ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Shylock's *houſe.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'm ſorry thou wilt leave my father ſo:
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee;
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;

Give him this letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—Tears exhibit my tongue. [*Aſide.*] Moſt beautiful Pagan,——moſt ſweet Jew! if a Chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd. But, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me
To be aſham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time, diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke as yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us.

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An' it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to-night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this.——Tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her. Speak it privately.
Go.——Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.
Sal. Ay, marry, I'll begone about it ſtrait.
Sola. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging, ſome hour hence.
Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exit.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?
Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe doth it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this as thou goeſt.
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio——
What, Jeſſica!——thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me——what, Jeſſica!——
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why, Jeſſica! I ſay.
Laun. Why, Jeſſica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.
Laun. Your Worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys. But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian. Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe; I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a-brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, Sir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together. I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a-bleeding on black Monday laſt, at ſix a clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? Hear you me, Jeſſica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the public ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces;
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean my caſements:
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, ſirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of Hagar's off-ſpring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, Farewell, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-ſlow in profit; but he ſleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waſte

His borrow'd purſe. Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you.———
Shut the doors after you; *faſt bind, faſt find*;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jeſ. Farewell; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter loſt.

SCENE VII.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in maſquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo deſired us to make a ſtand.
Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour;
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Sal. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly,
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe that doth intread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode——
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Come, approach;

Here dwells my father Jew. 'Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above, in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo certain, and my love, indeed;
For, whom love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, goodſooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beſhrew me but I love her heartily;
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jeſſica, *to them.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Anthonio——
Anth. Fy, Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all ſtay for you——
No maſque to-night——the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard;
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
Gra. I'm glad on't; I deſire no more delight
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Portia, *with* Morochius, *and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſev'ral caſkets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caſkets are diſcovered.*
Mor. The firſt of gold, which this inſcription bears,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know, if I do chuſe the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! let me ſee,
I will ſurvey th' inſcriptions back again.
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give?—for what? for lead? hazard, for lead?
This caſket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then not give, nor hazard aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morochius;
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,

Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve——why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?——
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' Hircanian deſerts, and the vaſtie wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'twere damnation
To think ſo baſe a thought: it were too groſs
To rib her ſearcloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have, in England,
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold: but that's inſculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince; and if my form ly there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold caſket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whoſe empty eye there is a ſcrowl;
I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told.

Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcroll'd;
Fare you well, your ſuit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour loſt:
Then farewell, heat; and welcome, froſt.
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave.—Thus loſers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance—draw the curtains; go—
Let all of his complection chuſe me ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Venice.

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I'm ſure, Lorenzo is not.
Sola. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.
Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Anthonio certify'd the Duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.
Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian? O my Chriſtian ducats!
Juſtice, the law—My ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtoll'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels too, ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stoll'n by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl;
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sola. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day;
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio when he told me;
And wiſh'd, in ſilence, that it were not his.
Sola. You were beſt to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible,
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.
Sola. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Neriſſa, *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick—I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait;
The Prince of Arragon has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train*, Portia. *Flouriſh of cornets. The caſkets are diſcovered.*

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble Prince.
If you chuſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my Lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd, by oath, t' obſerve three things.
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe. Next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage.
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſs'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha, let me ſee—
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire—that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow;
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe:
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert; give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

[*Unlocking the ſilver caſket.*

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
—How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes and my deſervings?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſev'n times tried this;
Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuſe amiſs.
Some there be that ſhadows kiſs;
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone, Sir; you are ſped.

Ar. Still more fool I ſhall appear,
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu!—I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chuſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Where is my Lady?
Por. Here. What would my Lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love.
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee;
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, Neriſſa, for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

Solarino.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?
Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Godwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip ly bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip, Report, be an honeſt woman of her word.
Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband.

But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Anthonio, the honeſt Anthonio——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay Amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer; for here he comes, in the likeneſs of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complection of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebells it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: but tell us, do you hear whether Anthonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart!—Let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me uſurer—let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge: he hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, Revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter Anthonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew. [*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now—two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels!—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O, would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and

the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, ſo!—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatiſfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa———

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck?

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again—fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, Tubal. It was my Turquoiſe; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and attendants.*

The caſkets are ſet out.

Por. I pray you, tarry—pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me, but it is not love,
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn;
So will I never be; ſo you may miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, th' other half yours,
Mine own, I would ſay: but if mine, then yours;
And ſo all yours. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it—Not I.
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to piece the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Baſſ. None but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you ſpeak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

Por. Away then!—I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloof;
Let muſic ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him.—He may win;
And what is muſic then? then muſic is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the ſea monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the Dardinian wives,
With bleated viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live.—With much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

[*Muſic within.*

A ſong, whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

Tell me, where is Fancy bred,
In the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's knell.
I'll begin it. Ding, dong, bell.
All, *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ.——So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which thereon works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſpy ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull, that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wiſeſt. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuſe I. Joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy;
In meaſure rein thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,

For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? what demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have pow'r to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd. Yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it; ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.—Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl—Fair lady, by your leave—— [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So (thrice fair lady) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, Lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am. Tho' for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,

To wiſh myſelf much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf,
A thouſand times more fair; ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething *, which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; and happier in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the Lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf
Are yours, my Lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is ſuch confuſion in my pow'rs,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my Lord and Lady!

Gra. My Lord Baſſanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;

* We ſhould read, *ſome of ſomething*. Warburton.

For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me *:
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your Lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my Lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd: for intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſket there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, Neriſſa?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my Lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

* That is, *diſtinct from me and my wiſhes.*

Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your Honour. For my part, my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my Lord,
And I have reaſon for't. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* Baſſanio *a letter.*
Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick, my Lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind; his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. [Baſſanio *opens a letter.*
Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger: bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſs:
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece,
Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, Baſſanio, I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true. And yet, dear Lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For, indeed,

I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit
From Tripolis, from Mexico, from England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear
To Tubal and to Chus his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my Lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me; the kindeſt man;
The beſt condition'd——an unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;

Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never ſhall you ly by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid Neriſſa and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come—away!
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
——But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſanio *reads.*

Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarried, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death. Notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay;
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a ſtreet in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the Goaler.*

Shy. Goaler, look to him.——Tell not me of mercy——
This is the fool that lent out money *gratis*——
Goaler, look to him.
Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond:

I've ſworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'ſt me dog, before thou haſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond——I will not hear thee ſpeak—
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To Chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers:
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have, at times, made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on.—Pray God Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Belmont.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my Lord your huſband;
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments of manners and of ſpirit:
Which makes me think that this Anthonio,
Being the boſom-lover of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it. Hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my Lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd Heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my Lord's return.
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jeſſica
In place of Lord Baſſanio and myſelf.
So fare you well, 'till we ſhall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jeſ. I wiſh your Ladyſhip all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleaſed
To wiſh it back on you: fare ye well, Jeſſica.
[*Exeunt* Jeſ. *and* Lor.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua; ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed.
[*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they ſee us?
Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable Ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd;
I could not do with all——then I'll repent,

And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fy, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly—for look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed. So the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when you ſhun Scylla, your father, you fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs: if we grow all to be

pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay. Here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor ſhould be *more* than reaſon: but if ſhe be *leſs* than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhow the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How far'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord Baſſanio's wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet
The Lord Baſſanio live an upright life.
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon. Firſt let us go to dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.

Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet thee forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Senate-houſe in Venice.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators*; Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano, *at the Bar.*

Duke.

WHAT, is Anthonio here?

Anth. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer

A ſtoney adverſary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Anth. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.——
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſie.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.
Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe.
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
You'll aſk me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive

Three thouſand ducats? I'll not anſwer that,
But ſay, it is my humour; is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? what, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine, for affection *;
Maſters of paſſion ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
† Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you, think you queſtion with a Jew.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,

* That is, they are ſo affected with it.

† This paſſage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *ſwoln bag-pipe.* Hawkins.

When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder!)
His Jewiſh heart. Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I ſtand for judgment. Anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My Lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger, with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, Anthonio. What, man, courage yet——
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted wedder of the flock,

Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

SCENE II.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſs'd like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, by Lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keeneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place:
Meantime the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

Your Grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a doctor of laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario what he
And here, I take it, is the doctor come. [writes,
—Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my Lord.
Duke. Your're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
—You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anth.
Anth. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Anth. I do.
Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be; there is no pow'r in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend Doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath,—I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.
Anth. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there ſcales, to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Anth. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

—Give me your hand, Baſſanio, fare ye well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of povery; from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all; ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I proteſt I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome Pow'r to change this curriſh Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the Chriſtian huſbands. I've a daughter;
'Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!
[*Aſide.*
—We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Moſt learned judge—a ſentence—come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—mark, Jew—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Gra. O learned judge!—mark, Jew—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.

Baſſ. Here is the money.

Por. The Jew ſhall have all juſtice—ſoft! no haſte—
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh;
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
On the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
——Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe?—take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He ſeeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice:
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it.
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive into a fine.
Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Anth. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, and all his Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence; I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your Grace's pardon;
I muſt away this night to Padua,
And it is meet I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I'm ſorry that your leiſure ſerves you not.
——Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit* Duke *and his train.*

SCENE III.

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And ſtand indebted, over and above,

In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear Sir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Baſſ. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this.
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exit with* Neriſſa.

Anth. My Lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.

Baſſ. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,

Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto Anthonio's houſe.—Away, make haſte.
—Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Baſſanio, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully.
And ſo, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old Shylock's houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too:
——Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A grove, or green place, before* Portia's *houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lorenzo.

THE moon ſhines bright—In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmaid away.

Lor. In ſuch a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Aeſon.

Lor. In ſuch a night
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jeſ. And in ſuch a night
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night
Did pretty Jeſſica (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did nobody come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt, in ſilence of the night?

Meſ. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Meſ. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels, and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Meſ. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
—I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, Sola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee Maſter Lorenzo and Miſtreſs Lorenzo? ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter—why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſic forth into the air.

[*Exit* Stephano.

How ſweet the moonlight ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſic
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,

Still choiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls!
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſic.

Jeſ. I'm never merry, when I hear ſweet muſic.
[*Muſic.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhaddled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted—Mark the muſic.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa *at a diſtance.*

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall:
—How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.—Muſic, hark! [*Muſic.*

Ner. It is your muſic, Madam, of the houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect:

Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection?
—Peace! how the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked! [*Muſic ceaſes.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear Lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our huſbands' healths,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.

Por. Go, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence.
—Nor you, Lorenzo; Jeſſica, nor you.
[*A tucket ſounds.*

Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet.
—We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick:
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband;
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;

But God ſort all!—You're welcome home, my Lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, Madam. Give welcome to my friend.
—This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe.
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.
[Gratiano *and* Neriſſa *ſeem to talk apart.*
Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho—already?—what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the poeſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave.
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy—a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf—the judge's clerk——
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee.
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief,
An' 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My Lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too. And then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor maſter would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe——
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

Baſſ. No, by mine honour, Madam—by my ſoul—
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Ev'n he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my houſe.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed.
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk——therefore be well adviſ'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you. You are welcome, notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf;
In each eye, one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit!

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,

I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth *,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[*To* Portia.
Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By Heav'n, it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him—pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly—you are all amaz'd—
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the Doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Anthonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon,
There you shall find, three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;

* For his advantage. *Johnson.*

When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet Lady, you have giv'n me life and [living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I'm ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo. The firſt interrogatory
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes* †.

† Of *The Merchant of Venice* the ſtile is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comic part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his Spaniſh Friar, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.

Johnſon.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and uſurper.

AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the Duke in his
JAQUES, } baniſhment.

LE BEU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

OLIVER, eldeſt ſon to Sir Rowland de Boys.

JAQUES, }
ORLANDO, } Younger brothers to Oliver.

ADAM, an old ſervant of Sir Rowland de Boys.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

CORIN, }
SYLVIUS, } Shepherds.

WILLIAM, in love with Audrey.

Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a country curate.

CHARLES, wreſtler to the uſurping Duke Frederick.

DENNIS, ſervant to Oliver.

ROSALIND, daughter to the Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a ſhepherdeſs.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lyes, firſt, near* Oliver's *houſe; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the foreſt of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's *Orchard.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion bequeath'd me. By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charg'd my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well. And there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home; or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays * me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which, I think, is within me,

* We ſhould read *ſtys*, *i. e.* keeps me like a brute. *Warburton.*

begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

SCENE II.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what makes ye here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar ye then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? what prodigal's portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldeſt brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me. The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy! [*menacing with his hand.*

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*collaring him.*

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, you villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that ſays ſuch a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out

thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not, 'till I pleaſe. You ſhall hear me.——My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education; you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent?——Well, Sir, get you in.——I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exe.* Orlando *and* Adam.

SCENE III.

Oli. Is it even ſo?—Begin you to grow upon me? —I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in——[*Exit* Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good monſieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke * is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him; whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Roſalind, the old Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay he is already in the foreſt of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelefly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall. To-morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I muſt for mine honour, if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him

* The words *old* and *new*, which ſeem neceſſary to the perſpicuity of the dialogue, are inſerted from Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition.

from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, Charles, he is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother. Therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other; for I aſſure thee (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more. And ſo, God keep your worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than him. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learn'd; full of noble device; of all ſorts enchantingly belov'd; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo long—this wreſtler ſhall clear all. Nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an open walk, before the Duke's palace.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordiuary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the Duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and truly when he dies thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father per force, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will—and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter. Therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports. Let me ſee—What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do to make ſport withal; but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would we could do ſo; for her benefits

are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for thoſe that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchſtone, *a clown.*

Cel. No! when Nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed there is Fortune too hard for Nature; when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch Goddeſſes, hath ſent this Natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught. Now I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not

forſworn: no more was this knight ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. One that old Frederick your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: —enough! ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenc'd, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur le Beu.

SCENE V.

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pidgeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monſieur le Beu; what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour, Madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay if I keep not my rank,——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips, you may ſee the end, for

the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well——the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Roſ. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*——

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles the Duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third. Yonder they ly, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the ſport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſic in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt, if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming. Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſſfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and couſin, are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beu.

Duke. Do ſo. I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beu. Monſieur the challenger, the Princeſſes call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years. You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength. If you ſaw yourſelf with your own eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed. We will make it our ſuit to the Duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo. I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the

world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well. Pray heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is ſo deſirous to ly with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir. But his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No—I warrant your Grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [*They wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace. I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe!

The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
—I would thou hadſt told me of another father.
[*Exit* Duke, *with his train.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Celia, Roſalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orla. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Roſ. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.
Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
—Shall we go, coz?
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Cel. Ay—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you?——my better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeleſs block.
Roſ. He calls us back—my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll aſk him what he would.—Did you call, Sir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Roſ. Have with you——Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Roſalind *and* Celia.

Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir. And, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.——Sir, fare ye well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you; fare ye well.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant Brother:
But, heav'nly Roſalind!—— [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an apartment in the Palace.

Re-enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind—Cupid, have mercy—not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a fall.——But turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt. Is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? by this kind of chaſe I ſhould hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Roſ. No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well?

SCENE IX.

Enter Duke, *with Lords.*

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Roſ. Me, uncle!

Duke. You, couſin.
Within theſe ten days, if that thou be'ſt found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
As I do truſt I am not, then, dear uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf.
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I, when your Highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your Highneſs baniſh'd him.
Treaſon is not inherited, my Lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, Celia, we but ſtaid her for your ſake;
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;

I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why, ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmooth-
Her very ſilence and her patience [neſs,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool; ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,
When ſhe is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her. She is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool—You, niece, provide your-
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour, [ſelf:
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke, &c.

SCENE X.

Cel. O my poor Roſalind! where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be chearful; know'ſt thou not the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?
Cel. To ſeek my uncle in the foreſt of Arden.
Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you: ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.
Roſ. Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Ly there what hidden woman's fear there will)
I'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.
Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?
Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed.*
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer Celia, but *Aliena.*
Roſ. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Arden *Foreſt.*

Enter Duke *ſenior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords, like Foreſters.*

Duke ſenior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke ſen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that:
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;

To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke ſen. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke ſen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping, and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke ſen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits;
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace again.

Enter Duke Frederick, *with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be. Some villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.
1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.
2 *Lord:* My Lord, the royniſh clown, at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the Princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, where-ever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.
Duke. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hi-
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me; [ther;
I'll make him find him. Do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. Who's there?
Adam. What! my young maſter? oh, my gentle
maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The boney priſer of the humorous Duke?

Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctify'd and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no; no brother—yet the ſon,—
Yet not the ſon—I will not call him ſon
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to ly,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practices:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs ly lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world;
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And, having that, do cloak their ſervice up
Even with the having *. It is not ſo with thee:
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week.
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Foreſt of Arden.

Enter Roſalind *in boy's cloaths for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſs'd like a ſhepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Touchſtone *the* Clown.

Roſ. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits?

* Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice, is ſervice extinguiſhed. *Johnſon.*

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf couragious to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you bear with me; I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

Clo. Ay; now I am in Arden, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As, ſure, I think, did never man love ſo,
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily.
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd.——
Or if thou haſt not ſate, as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd.——
O Phebe! Phebe! Phebe! [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to Jane Smile; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet *, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid, with weeping tears, Wear theſe for my ſake. We that are true lovers run into ſtrange capers; but, as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer than thou art 'ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;

* The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths. *Johnſon.*

My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That ye will feed on: but what is, come ſee;
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall ye be.

Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that ye ſaw here but ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
——I like this place, and willingly could waſte
My time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold.
Go with me. If you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to ly with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it—more, I pr'ythee, more—I can

ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing; come, come, another ſtanzo; call you 'em ſtanzo's?

Ami. What you will, Monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.——Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.—Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.——

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while——the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boaſt of them.———Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to ly i'th' ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame †;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
An' if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdame?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.—I'll go to ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further. O, I die for food! here ly I down, and meaſure out my grave.———Farewell, kind maſter.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee?—live a little; comfort a little; chear thyſelf a little. If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.—Well ſaid—thou look'ſt cheerly; and I'll be with you quickly. Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam. [*Exeunt.*

† For *ducdame* Sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciouſly, reads, *duc ad me.* That is, *bring him to me.* Johnſon.

SCENE VII.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Duke ſen. *and Lords. A table ſet out.*

Duke ſen. I think he is transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke ſen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres.
Go, ſeek him. Tell him I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke ſen. Why, how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;——I met a fool i'th' foreſt,
A motley fool—a miſerable world—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms—and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I—No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heav'n hath ſent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten o'clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool—motley's the only wear.

Duke ſen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a cour-
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair, [tier,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſcuit
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke ſen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: and why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain, as way to pariſh church;
He whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the ſquandring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke ſen. Fy on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke ſen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf;
And all th' emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay the city woman bears
The coſt of Princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt;
Thinking that I mean him; but therein ſuits
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; how then? what then? let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man—But who comes here?

SCENE VIII.

Enter Orlando, *with ſword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.——
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor ſhalt thou, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. What kind ſhould this cock come of?
Duke ſen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt. The thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility; yet am I inland bred,
And know ſome nurture. But forbear, I ſay:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. If you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.
Duke ſen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.
Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Duke ſen. Sit down and feed; and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you ſo gently?—Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And known what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
[*Sheathing his ſword.*

Duke ſen. True is it, that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſate at good mens' feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd, in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke ſen. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till your return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Duke ſen. Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling and pewking in the nurſe's arms.
And then the whining School-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden, and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Juſtice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE X.

Enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke ſen. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke ſen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſic; and, good couſin, ſing.

AMIENS *ſings.*

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving meer folly;
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! ſing, &c.

Duke ſen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's ſon,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke
That lov'd your father. The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is.
—Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Duke, *Lords, and* Oliver.

Duke.

NOT ſee him ſince?—Sir, Sir, that cannot be—
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thee preſent: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
'Till thou can'ſt quit thee, by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh that your Highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well—Puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Foreſt.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned Queen of night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr Touchſtone?

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that, I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope———

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute

not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greaſy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers' hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? ſhallow, ſhallow!——a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again:——a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tar? the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man!—thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh—indeed!—learn of the wiſe, and perpend. Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other mens good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crook'd-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr Ganimed, my new miſtreſs's brother.

SCENE IV.

Enter Roſalind, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern Inde,*
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt limn'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo eight years together, dinners and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte.——

If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind;
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' th' country; for you will be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

SCENE V.

Enter Celia, *with a writing.*

Ros. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a deſert be,*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend;
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know,
This quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore Heaven nature charg'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modeſty.
Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heav'nly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches deareſt priz'd.
Heav'n would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I ſhould live and die her ſlave.

Ros. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, Have patience, good people?

Cel. How now? back-friends!—ſhepherd, go off a little—go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* Corin *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear, without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder before you came; for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras's time, that I was an Iriſh rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping——

Roſ. Good my complection *! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a dou-

* The meaning is, *Hold good my complection*, i. e. let me not bluſh. *Warburton.*

blet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South ſea of diſcovery *. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace; I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou mightſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart both, in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he aſk for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize. To ſay Ay, and No, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's aparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atoms, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my find-

* I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South ſea. Diſcover, *I pr'ythee; tell me who it is quickly?* Johnſon.

ing him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove's tree*, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak—Sweet, ſay on.

SCENE VII.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

[Celia *and* Roſalind *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloth *, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monſieur Melancholy! [Cel. *and* Roſ. *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him—Do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould aſk me what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

* This alludes to the faſhion, in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottos and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures work'd or painted in them. *Johnſon*

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you whom time ambles withal, whom time trots withal, whom time gallops withal, and whom he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſe'ennight, time's pace is ſo hard, that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the cony, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo

many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſic, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit †, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;——but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:——then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you are no ſuch man, you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements, as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is

† That is, a ſpirit not *inquiſitive*. Johnſon.

apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is merely a madneſs, and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as mad men do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſhed and cured is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtic; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote and wooe me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live. Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me Roſalind.—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Clown, Audrey, *and* Jaques *watching them.*

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: and now, Audrey, am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. aſide] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe!

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, Underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No, truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd; for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. aſide] A material fool †!

† A fool with matter in him; a fool ſtocked with notions. *Johnſon.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul *.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. aſide] I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? even ſo——poor men alone?——no, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man, therefore, bleſſed? No. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver——Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truely, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

* By *foul* is meant *coy*, or *frowning*. Hanmer.

Jaq. diſcovering himſelf.] Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter *What-ye-call:* how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company! I am very glad to ſee you—even a toy in hand here, Sir—nay, pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot? then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet Audrey, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry. Farewel, good Sir Oliver; not *O ſweet* Oliver, *O brave* Oliver, *leave me not behind thee*; but wind away; begone, I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to a Cottage in the Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me—I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire, therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Roſ. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of Diana; a nun of Winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes. I think he is not a pick-purſe nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not *is*; beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings. He attends here in the foreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he aſked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando.

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe: but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and Maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. Come, let us remove:
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in the play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me——do not, Phebe——
Say that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops†?

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me there is murder in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,

† The Oxford Editor reads,
Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops. Warburton.

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!——
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou can'ſt not, oh, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moments keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why, I pray you?——Who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult, and all at once *
Over the wretched? what though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed),
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work. Odds my little life!
I think ſhe means to angle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.

* The line is to be read thus,
That you inſult, exult, and RAIL, *at once.* Warburton.

You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatter her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, Miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul * is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer:
So take her to thee, ſhepherd—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man wooe.

Roſ. aſide.] He's fall'n in love with her foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in love with me;
For I am falſer than vows made in wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard—
Come, ſiſter—ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud. Though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come to our flock. [*Exeunt* Roſ. Cel. *and* Corin.

Phe. Dead Shepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe!

Phe. Hah, what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

* By the word *foul* here, is meant *ill-favoured*.

Sil. Where-ever ſorrow is, relief would be;
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou haſt my love; is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompenſe,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: loſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was maſter of.
Phe. Think not I love him, tho' I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy—yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty——
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him.
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo, ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red,
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black:
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel why I anſwer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaques.

I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſun-

dry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! By my faith you have great reaſon to be ſad. I fear you have ſold your own lands to ſee other mens; then to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes, and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

Jaq. Nay then—God b'w' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewell, monſieur traveller: look you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orla. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love! he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' th' ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight. I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your Roſalind.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent. What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very, very Roſalind?

Orla. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay you are; becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own perſon I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a

hot midſummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age found it was,——Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a fly—but come; now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Roſalind.

Roſ. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why, then, can one deſire too much of a good thing? Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando: what do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin——Will you, Orlando——

Cel. Go to—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

Orla. I will.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why, now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee Roſalind for wife.

Orla. I take thee Roſalind for wife.

Roſ. I might aſk you for your commiſſion, but I do take thee Orlando for my huſband. There's a girl goes before the prieſt, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have poſſeſs'd her?

Orla. For ever and a day.

Roſ. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to ſleep.

Orla. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this; the wiſer, the waywarder. Make the doors faſt upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, *Wit, whither wilt?*

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For theſe two hours, Roſalind, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs—that flattering tongue of yours won me—'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death—two o' th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, ſweet Roſalind.

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call Roſalind, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs religion than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit* Orla.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love: but it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando; I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no ſong, Foreſter, for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſic, Song.

What ſhall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather ſkin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home:——take thou no ſcorn
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:
It was a creſt, ere thou waſt born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [Exeunt.

The reſt ſhall bear this burden.

SCENE V.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two o'clock? I wonder much Orlando is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to ſleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. reading.] Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer—bear this, bear all——
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Odds my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? Well, ſhepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents; Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hand;
She has a huſwife's hand, but that's no matter—
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter—
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtyle,
A ſtyle for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention;
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Roſ. She Phebe's me——mark how the tyrant writes.

Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. reads.] *Why thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beaſt.

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?

He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her; for I ſee love hath made thee a tame ſnake; and ſay this to her; "that if ſhe love me, I charge her "to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have "her, unleſs thou intreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Silvius.

SCENE VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: "the boy is fair,
"Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
"Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low,
"And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends his bloody napkin. Are you he?
Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?
Oli. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent itſelf.
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldeſt brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame bro-
And he did render him the moſt unnatural [ther:
That liv'd 'mongſt men.
Oli. And well he might ſo do;
For, well I know, he was unnatural.
Roſ. But, to Orlando—did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling

From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Roſ. Was it you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But, for the bloody napkin?——
Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.——
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.
Cel. Why, how now? Ganimed!——Sweet!——
Ganimed! [Roſalind *faints.*
Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—couſin—Ganimed!
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Roſ. Would I were at home!
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
—I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good chear, youth—you a man?—you lack a man's heart.
Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh ho!—
Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great

teſtimony in your complection, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i' faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards—good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back, How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Foreſt.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clown.

WE ſhall find a time, Audrey—patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a moſt vile Mar-text—but, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no intereſt in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God give ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend—Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered.—How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name William?

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Waſt born i' th' foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God—a good anſwer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a ſaying: *the fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this woman; therefore you, clown, abandon—which is, in the vulgar, leave—the ſociety—which, in the booriſh, is company—of this female—which, in the common, is—woman; which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting: but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhewed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are—Nay, 'tis true

—There was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of I *came*, *ſaw*, and *overcame*: for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! by ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtreights of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meaning?

Roſ. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay I am a magician: therefore, put you on your beſt array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

SCENE III.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I wrote to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have: it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears;
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganimed.

Orla. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganimed.

Orla. And I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And ſo am I for Ganimed.

Orla. And ſo am I for Roſalind.

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Roſ.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phe.

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, *Why blame you me to love you?*

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon—I will help you if I can; [*To* Orlando.] —I would love you, if I could; [*To* Phebe.]—To-morrow meet me all together—I will marry you, [*To* Phebe.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow—I will ſatisfy you, [*To* Orlando.] if ever I ſatisfy'd man; and you ſhall be married to-morrow—I will content you, [*To* Silvius.] if what pleaſes you contents you; and you ſhall be married to-morrow—— As you love Roſalind, meet [*To* Orlando.] —as you love Phebe, meet [*To* Silvius.] —and as I love no woman, I'll meet——So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey——to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Page.* We are for you. Sit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gipſies on a horſe.

SONG.

It was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs,
In the ſpring time; the pretty ſpring time,
When birds did ſing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country-folks would lye,
In the ſpring time, &c.

The carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the ſpring time, &c.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God b'w'you, and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Duke ſenior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver *and* Celia.

Duke ſen. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;

As thoſe that fear, they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your Roſalind, [*To the* Duke.
You will beſtow her on Orlando here?

Duke ſen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay, you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Roſ. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you will have Phebe, if ſhe will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Roſ. I've promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daugh-
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: [ter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me. And from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke ſen. I do remember in this ſhepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is foreſt-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good, my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith we met; and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe?—Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Duke ſen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire of you the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear and to forſwear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own—a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take That that no man elſe will. Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl in your foul oyſter.

Duke ſen. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lie ſeven times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, Audrey): as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he

was in the mind it was. This is call'd the *retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the *quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This is call'd the *reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is call'd the *reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie. This is call'd the *countercheck quarrelſome*; and ſo, the *lie circumſtantial*, and the *lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the lie circumſtantial, nor he durſt not give me the lie direct; and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book†; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the retort courteous; the ſecond, the quip modeſt; the third, the reply churliſh; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands and ſwore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke ſen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

† The Poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs. *Warburton.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia.

STILL MUSIC.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
Yea brought her hither:
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give myſelf; for I am yours.
[*To the Duke.*
To you I give myſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orla.

Duke ſen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my Roſalind.

Phe. If ſight or ſhape be true,
Why, then my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he.
[*To the Duke.*
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he. [*To* Orla.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*To* Phe.

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events.
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
[*To* Orlando *and* Roſalind.
You and you are heart in heart;
[*To* Oliver *and* Celia.
You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord. [*To* Phebe.

You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
[*To the* Clown *and* Audrey.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we meet, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *crown;*
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every town!*

Duke ſen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no leſs degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word—now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two—
I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly.
Duke Frederick hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke ſen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding;

To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent Dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtic revelry:
Play, muſic; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to th' meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath,
[*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deſerve it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;
[*To* Orlando.
You to your land, and love, and great allies;
[*To* Oliver.
You to a long and well deſerved bed; [*To* Silv.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To the Clown.*
Is but for two months victual'd—ſo to your pleaſures:
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke ſen. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I—what you would have,
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke ſen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin theſe rites:
As, we do truſt, they'll end in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Roſ. It is not the faſhion to ſee the Lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good*

wine needs no buſh, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can inſinuate with you in behalf of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women *, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your ſimpring, none of you hate them) that, between you and the women, the play may pleaſe. If I were a woman †, I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complections that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt omnes* ‡.

* This paſſage ſhould be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* THEM: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*——TO LIKE AS MUCH AS PLEASES THEM, *that between you and the women*, &c. *Warburton.*

† Note, that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. *Hanmer.*

‡ Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven, for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of his work, Shakeſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. *Johnſon.*

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE,
DUMAIN, } three Lords, attending upon the King in his retirement.

BOYET,
MACARD, } Lords, attending upon the Princeſs of France.

Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantaſtical Spaniard.
NATHANIEL, a curate.
DULL, a conſtable.
HOLOFERNES, a ſchoolmaſter.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Don Adriano de Armado.
A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA,
CATHARINE, } Ladies attending on the Princeſs.

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Officers, and others, attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, *The King of* Navarre's *palace, and the country near it.*

The enumeration of the perſons was made by Mr Rowe.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain.

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs:
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow ſcholars; and to keep thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſchedule here.
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three years faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet, tho' the body pine.
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, Dumain is mortify'd:
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights

He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over.
So much (dear liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years:
But there are other ſtrict obſervances;
As, not to ſee a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, No, my liege, an' if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe.

King. Ay, that is ſtudy's godlike recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus; to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſsly am forbid;
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be this, and this be ſo,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay no.

King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſely blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lyes,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profits of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhime.
Long. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.
Biron. Well; ſay, I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?

At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows*:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
That were to climb o'er th' houſe t' unlock the gate.

King. Well, ſit you out—Go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good Lord, I've ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding reſcues you from ſhame!

Biron. Item, *That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court.* [Reading.
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of loſing her tongue:—— [Reading.
Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law againſt gentility!
Item, reading.] *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch public ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.*
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The French king's daughter with yourſelf to ſpeak,
A maid of grace and compleat majeſty,
About ſurrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſs hither.

* Earth. *Theobald.*

King. What ſay you, Lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree,
She muſt ly here on mere neceſſity.

Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me:
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.——
So to the laws at large I write my name;
And he that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is; our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain,
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One whom the muſic of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my Lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie;
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſie.

Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.

Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And ſo to ſtudy three years are but ſhort.

SCENE II.

Enter Dull *and* Coſtard *with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the King's own perſon?

Biron. This, fellow; what would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme,——Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the ſtyle ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.
The manner of it is, I was taken in the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form following, Sir; all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form, in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man, to hearken after the fleſh.

King reads. *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtring patron*———

Coſt. Not a word of Coſtard yet.

King. *So it is*———

Coſt. It may be ſo; but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo.

King. Peace——

Coſt. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words——

Coſt. Of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. *So it is, beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk: the time, when? about the ſixth hour, when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is call'd ſupper: ſo much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place, where; it ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minow of thy mirth**, (*Coſt.* Me?) *that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,* (*Coſt.* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal,* (*Coſt.* Still me?) *which, as I remember, hight Coſtard*; (O me!) *ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with*——*O with*——*but with this, I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Coſt. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more underſtanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the need of puniſhment, by thy ſweet*

* A *minow* is a little fiſh, which cannot be intended here. We may read *the baſe* minion *of thy mirth*.
Johnſon.

Grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and eſtimation.

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. *For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel call'd), which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain, I keep her as a vaſſal of thy law's fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.* Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay; the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper. My Lord Biron, ſee him deliver'd o'er.
And go we, Lords, to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.

[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the ſour cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again; and until then, ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Armado's *houſe.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How canſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender Juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why tough Signior? why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender Juvenile? why tender Juvenile?

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender Juvenile, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little! pretty, becauſe little? wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood——

Moth. I am anſwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be croſs'd.

Moth. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him *.

Arm. I have promis'd to ſtudy three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one, thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gameſter.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Moth. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? now here's three ſtudied ere you'll thrice wink; and how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe † will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs I am in love; and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new-deviſ'd curt'ſy. I think it ſcorn to ſigh; methinks I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

* Meaning *money*.

† Banks's horſe, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Dr *Gray*.

Arm. Moſt ſweet Hercules! more authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samſon, maſter; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samſon, ſtrong-jointed Samſon! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samſon's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complection?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complection?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complections?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, Sir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, moſt pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
Her bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white ſhown:
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.
A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard; ſhe deſerves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter.

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is paſt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Coſtard, Dull, Jaquenetta *a Maid.*

Dull. Sir, the King's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he muſt faſt three days a week. For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing. Maid,—

Jaq. Man.——

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will faſt being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee———

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, Maſter Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* Moth *and* Coſtard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which is a great argument of falſehood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love; yet Samſon was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butſhaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the Paſſado he reſpects not, the Duello he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonnetteer. Deviſe, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's *palace.*

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet.

NOW, Madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits;
Conſider whom the King your father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his embaſſy.
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem,
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs Navarre; the plea of no leſs weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now, to taſk the taſker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court;
Therefore to us ſeems it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſollicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,

Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous king?

Lord. Longueville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feaſt,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge ſolemnized.
In Normandy ſaw I this Longueville,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms.
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil),
Is a ſharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will,
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould ſpare none that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike. Is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cath. The young Dumain, a well-accompliſh'd youth.
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke Alenſon's once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.

Roſ. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard o' truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,

The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies; are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe!

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſs'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt;
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre.

SCENE II.

Enter the King, Longueville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair Princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my Lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break its will, and nothing [elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath ſworn out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my Lord;
And ſin to break it.——
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.
King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Roſ. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Roſ. How needleſs was it then to aſk the queſtion?
Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt; 'twill
Roſ. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire. [tire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.
Biron. Now fair befall your maſk!
Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And ſend you many lovers!
Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none!
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an entire ſum
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth:
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns, and not demands,

On payment of an hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt;
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreſt your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto:
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates;
But here, without, you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart;
Tho' ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To-morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your Grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee, in every place. [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations;

I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Roſ. Is the fool ſick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Roſ. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Roſ. My phyſic ſays, Ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Roſ. *Non, poynt,* with my knife.

Biron. Now God ſave thy life!

Roſ. And yours from long living!

Biron. I can't ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that ſame?

Boyet. The heir of Alanſon, Roſaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beſeech you, a word: what is ſhe in white?

Boyet. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light; I deſire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire that were a ſhame.

Long. Pray you, Sir, whoſe daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's bleſſing on your beard!

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Faulconbridge

Long. Nay, my choler is ended:
She is a moſt ſweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [*Exit* Long.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Catharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is ſhe wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, Sir, or ſo.

Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!

Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit* Biron.

Mar. That laſt is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.

Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?

No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips.

Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?

Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.

Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;

My lips are no common, though ſeveral * they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

The civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet If my obſervation, which very ſeldom lies,
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reaſon?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be:
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair;
Methought all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome prince to buy;

* *Several* is an incloſed field of a private proprietor; ſo Maria ſays, *her lips* are *private property*. Of a lord that was newly married, one obſerved that he grew fat; yes, ſaid Sir Walter Raleigh, any beaſt will grow fat, if you take him from the *common*, and graze him in the *ſeveral*. Johnſon.

Who tendring their own worth, from whence they were glaſst,
Did point out to buy them, along as you paſt.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An' you give him, for my ſake, but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is diſpos'd—

Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Roſ. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeakeſt ſkilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roſ. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſ. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Park, near the Palace.

Enter Armado, *and* Moth.

Armado.

WArble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel——*. [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!——Go, tenderneſs of years, take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain; bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a French brawl?

* Here is apparently a ſong loſt. *Johnſon.*

Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brawling in French?

Moth. No, my compleat maſter; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; ſigh a note and ſing a note; ſometimes through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometimes through the noſe, as if you ſnuff'd up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſt on your thin belly doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are compliments, theſe are humours; theſe betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without theſe, and make the men of note: do you note men that are moſt affected to theſe.

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of obſervation.

Arm. But O, but O——

Moth. The hobby-horſe is forgot †.

Arm Call'ſt thou my love hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

† The burden of an old ſong.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathis'd: a horſe to be ambaſſador for an aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter: or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoak of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute Juvenile, voluble and free of grace.
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II.

Re-enter Moth *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter, here's a Coſtard broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle; come,——thy l'envoy—begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no ſalve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no l'envoy, no l'envoy, or ſalve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a ſalve?

Moth. Doth the wiſe think them other? is not l'envoy a ſalve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral,
Do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral, now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy; ſay the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds, by adding four.
A good l'envoy, ending in the gooſe; would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain; a gooſe, that's flat;
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat l'envoy; that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?

Moth By ſaying that a Coſtard was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a l'envoy.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me, how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth.
I will ſpeak that l'envoy.
Coſtard running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one Francis; I ſmell ſome l'envoy, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean ſetting thee at

liberty; enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear this ſignificant to the country-maid Jaquenetta; there is remuneration; [*Giving him ſomething.*] for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.— [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I. Signior Coſtard, adieu. [*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, my in-cony Jew! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration.—What's the price of this incle? a penny: No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration! ——why, it is a fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

SCENE III.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good knave Coſtard, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip. God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay, ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, Sir Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark, ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And Roſaline they call her; aſk for her,
And to her ſweet hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him a ſhilling.*

Coſt. Guerdon,——— O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.——— [*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humourous ſigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumblers' hoop!
What? what? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right:
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' Argus were her eunuch and her guard;

And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to!——It is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan:
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

Princeſs.

WAS that the King that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well. Lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.
—Then foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that ſhoot:
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.

For. Pardon me, Madam: for I meant not ſo.

Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, No?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, Madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here—good my glaſs—take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.
But come; the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill;
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty
Only for praiſe ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe; and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues her lord.

Enter Coſtard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Coſt. Good dig-you-den all. Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt? it is ſo, truth is truth.
An' your waiſt, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One o' theſe maids girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Coſt. I have a letter from Monſieur Biron, to one Lady Roſaline.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aſide, good bearer.——Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon *.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.

* Meaning the letter; as *poulet*, in French, ſignifies both *a chicken*, and *a love-letter*.

This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet *reads.*

BY Heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous, truth itſelf, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf, have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King Cophetua ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly ſay, veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar,* (*O baſe and obſcure vulgar!*) videlicet, *he came, ſaw, and overcame; he came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What ſaw he? the beggar. Whom overcame he? the beggar. The concluſion is victory; on whoſe ſide? the King's. The captive is enriched; on whoſe ſide? the beggar's. The cataſtrophe is a nuptial; on whoſe ſide? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King,* (*for ſo ſtands the compariſon*), *thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy ſelf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus doſt thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul!) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtyle.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court,
A phantaſme, a monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my Lord.

Prin. To whom ſhouldſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coſt. From my Lord Biron, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken this letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exit* Princeſs *attended.*

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My Lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on.———

Roſ. Well then I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Roſ. If we chuſe by horns, yourſelf; come not near.
Finely put on indeed.———

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying,

that was a man when king Pippin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſ. *Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [Singing.
Thou canſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*
An' I cannot, another can. [*Exit* Roſ.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant; how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, ſays my Lady;
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow hand; i' faith, your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily; your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing: good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt all but* Coſtard.

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain; a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely; as it were, ſo fit.
Armado o' th' one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man;
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear:
And his page o' t'other ſide, that handful of wit;
Ah, heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical nit. [*Exit* Coſt.

[*Shouting within.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and Sir* Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *ſanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cœlo*, the ſky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: but, Sir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation; yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination; after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not ate paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not repleniſhed. He is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,

Which we taſte and feeling are for thoſe parts that do fructify in us, more than he *.

* Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,

For thoſe parts which we taſte and feel do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;
So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.
But *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good-man Dull; *Dictynna*, good-man Dull.

Dull. What is *Dictynna?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the Moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more:
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-ſcore.
Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter Holofernes, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc't and prickt
A pretty pleaſing pricket;
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore,
'Till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to ſore,
Then ſorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.

If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore
Makes fifty ſores, o' ſorel !*
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have; ſimple! ſimple! a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion; but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*; a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta, *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter parſon.

Hol. Maſter Parſon, *quaſi* perſon. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead. A good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint,

* We ſhould read, OF *ſorel*, alluding to L being the numeral for 50. "Concerning the beaſts of chaſe, "whereof the buck, being the firſt, is called as follow-"eth; the firſt year a *fawn*; the ſecond year a *pricket*; "the third year a *ſorel*; the fourth year a *ſore*; the fifth "year, *a buck of the firſt head*, &c." *Manhood, of the laws of the foreſt*, p. 44. Warb.

pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho; I beſeech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauſte, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ*
Ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan †, I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not:—*ut re ſol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace ſays in his—What! my ſoul! verſes?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Tho' to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoul that ſees thee without wonder:
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is muſic, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings the heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs

† He means Baptiſta Spagnolus, ſurnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth, a writer of poems, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century.

the accent. Let me ſupervíſe the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſie, *caret: Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naſo*; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *imitari* is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the try'd horſe his rider. But, *damoſella virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monſieur Biron, to one of the ſtrange Queen's ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing, to the perſon written unto.

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſir'd employment, Biron.

This Biron is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd. Trip and go, my ſweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; ſtay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Coſtard, go with me. Sir, God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly: and as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verſes; did they pleaſe you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearn-

ed, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To* Dull.] you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courſing myſelf. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, ſet thee down, ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax, it kills ſheep, it kills me, I a ſheep. Well prov'd again on my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I dolove; and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime; and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. aſide.] Shot, by heav'n! Proceed, ſweet Cupid; thou haſt thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, ſecrets——

King. reads.] So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe, [not
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;

Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhow;
But do not love thyſelf, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—
How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The* King *ſteps aſide.*

Enter Longaville.

What! Longaville! and reading!—Liſten, ear.

Biron. aſide.] Now in thy likeneſs one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forſworn.

Biron. aſide.] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers *.

King. aſide.] In love, I hope; ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Biron. aſide.] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. aſide.] Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo?

Biron. aſide.] I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know;
Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the three-corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet Maria, empreſs of my love,
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. aſide.] O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:
Disfigure not his ſlop.

Long. The ſame ſhall go. [*He reads the ſonnet.*

† The puniſhment of perjury is, to wear on the breaſt a paper expreſſing the crime. *Johnſon.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for the broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doth ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow: in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

Biron. aſide.] This is the liver-vein which makes
ſleſh a deity;
A green gooſe a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend us, we are much out
o'th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this? —— company?
ſtay.—— [*Stepping aſide.*
Biron. aſide.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god, here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye:
More ſacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my
wiſh;
Dumain transform'd? four woodcocks in a diſh?
Dum. O moſt divine Kate!
Biron. O moſt profane coxcomb! [*Aſide.*
Dum. By heav'n the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, ſhe is but corporal; there you
lie. [*Aſide.*
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.
Biron. And amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
[*Aſide.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*Aſide.*
Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Dum. O that I had my wiſh!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aſide.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aſide.*

Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*Aſide.*

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and would remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
[*Aſide.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aſide.*

Dumain *reads his ſonnet.*

On a day, (alack, the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heavens breath.
Air, (quoth he), *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack, my hand is ſworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove *would ſwear,*
Juno *but an Ethiop were;*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain:
O, would the King, Biron and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For [illegible] offend, where all alike do dote
Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety:
[*Coming forward.*
You may look pale; but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping ſo.
King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch; [*Coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria, Longaville
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never laid his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart:
I have been cloſely ſhrouded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes.
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth;
[*To* Long.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* Dumain.
What will Biron ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.
Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
[*Coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that are moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches: in your tears,
There is no certain princeſs that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'erſhot?

You found his mote, the King your mote did ſee;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king transformed to a knot!
To ſee great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon tuning a jigg!
And Neſtor play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And Cynic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lyes the grief? O tell me, good Dumain,
And, gentle Longaville, where lyes the pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breaſt?
A candle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in.
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men-like men of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for Joan? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King!

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.

King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*

Where hadſt thou it?
Jaq. Of Coſtard.
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it.
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame. [*To* Coſtard.
Guilty, my Lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will theſe turtles be gone?
King. Hence, Sirs, away.
Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay? [*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaq.
Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, Heaven will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt)
Bows not his vaſſal head, and ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?

What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon; [now?
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron,
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complections the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fy, painted rhetoric! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale, a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe; the praiſe too ſhort, doth blot.
A wither'd hermit fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;
O, 'tis the ſun that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony,
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book,
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black?
King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell:
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl † of night;
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that painting and uſurping hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;

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Reviſal of Shakeſpear's text.

And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complection crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face ſee. [*Showing his ſhoe.*
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lyes
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt over head.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, Affection's men at arms;
Conſider what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman;
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, (Lords)
In that each of you hath forſworn his book,

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Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
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And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;
O, 'tis the ſun that maketh all things ſhine.
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Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, (Lords)
In that each of you hath forſworn his book,

Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the book, the academies,
From whence doth ſpring the true Promethean fire.
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during action tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye;
Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, Lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil.
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in taſte:

For valour is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides?
Subtle as ſphinx; as ſweet and muſical
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when Love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods †,
Mark, heaven drowſy with the harmony!
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.——
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academies
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear:
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;
Or for mens ſake, the author of theſe women;
Or womens ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelves;
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves, to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell mell, down with them; but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict, that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing—lay theſe glozes by—
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?

King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;

† *And when Love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods*
Makes *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*
That is, Whenever Love ſpeaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert.
Reviſal of Shakeſpear's text.

Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs. In the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! ſown cockle reap'd no corn;
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Holofernes.

Satis quod ſufficit.

Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir, your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. Novi hominem, tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too piqued, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch

phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and *point-deviſe* companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: it inſinuateth me of inſanity: (*ne intelligis, domine**.) to make frantic, lunatic?

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* —— *bone*, for *benè*; Priſcian a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

SCENE II.

Enter Armado, Moth, *and* Coſtard.

Nath. *Videſne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirrah.

Hol. *Quare* Chirrah, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountred.

Hol. Moſt military Sir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtole the ſcraps. [*To* Coſt. *aſide.*

Coſt. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-baſket of words. I marvel thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book. What is A B ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

* I read, (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantic, lunatic.* Johnſon.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.——

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it, ou.

Arm. Now by the ſalt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Coſt. An' I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou halfpenny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, that the heav'ns were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? go to, thou haſt it *ad dunghill*; at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe Latin, *dunghill* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain?

Hol. I do, *ſans queſtion*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her pavilion, in the *poſterior* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you, Sir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do aſſure ye, my very good friend;—for what is inward between us, let it paſs——I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſy——I beſeech thee, apparel thy head,——and among other impor-

tunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too——but let that paſs:——for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but, ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs——the very all of all is ——but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecreſy——that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were), I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies. Sir, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the *poſterior* of this day, to be rendered by our aſſiſtance at the King's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned gentleman, before the Princeſs: I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; this gallant man, Judas Maccabeus; this ſwain (becauſe of his great limb or joint) ſhall paſs Pompey the Great; and the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules, "now thou cruſheſt the ſnake:" that is the way to

make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies——

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good man Dull, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons; we will employ thee.

Dull I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt, Dull, to our ſport away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Princeſs's Pavilion.

Enter the Princeſs, *and Ladies.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If farings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!——
Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhime
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on Cupid's name.

Roſ. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Cath. He made her melancholy, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd.

And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.
Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?
Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.
Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Cath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Roſ. Look what you do; and do it ſtill i'th' dark.
Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Roſ. Indeed I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon; for paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But, Roſaline, you have a favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Roſ. 'Ware pencils *. How? let me not die your debtor.
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face was not ſo full of Oes!
Cath. Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrews:
Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair Dumain?
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover.

* Sir T. Hanmer here rightly reſtored *'ware pencils*. Roſaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Catharine for painting. *Johnſon.*

A huge tranſlation of hypocriſy,
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent Longa-
The letter is too long by half a mile. [ville;
Prin. I think no leſs; doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers for't.
Roſ. They are worſe fools, to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts:
So portent-like would I o'erſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are
catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Roſ. The blood of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

SCENE IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am ſtabb'd with laughter; where's
her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace; love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpriz'd.

Muſter your wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Dennis, to ſaint Cupid! what are they
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.
Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade, I might behold addreſt
The King and his companions; warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an angel ſhalt thou ſee;
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, an angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.——
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoul-
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder. [der,
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, All goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians, as I gueſs.
Their purpoſe is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſev'ral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſk'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be maſk'd:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.
Hold, Roſaline, this favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take you this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall Biron take me for Roſaline.
And change your favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.

Roſ. Come on then, wear the favours moſt in ſight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral councils they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook, and ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk and greet.

Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.

[*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come. [*The Ladies maſk.*

SCENE V.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and Attendants, diſguis'd like* Muſcovites; Moth *with muſic, as for a maſquerade.*

Moth. *All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!*

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. *A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,*
[The Ladies turn their backs to him.
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views. Out*———

Biron. True; *out*, indeed.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heav'nly ſpirits, vouch-*
Not to behold. [*ſafe*

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. *Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes—*
With your ſun-beamed eyes——

Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, Boyet.
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princeſs?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. What would they, ſay they?

Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it; and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on the graſs.

Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a
To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs. [mile,

Roſ. It is not ſo. Aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile? if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

Boyet. She hears herſelf.

Roſ. How many weary ſteps

Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you:
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Roſ. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure vouchſafe but one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play, muſick, then; nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet? —no dance?—Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſ. You took the moon at full, but now ſhe's chang'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſic plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it,
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then?
Roſ. Only to part friends;
Curt'ſy, ſweet hearts, and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize yourſelves then; what buys your [company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar, there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, wort and malmſey——well run, dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.

Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in ſecret.

Prin. Let it not be ſweet.

Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter——

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a [word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady.

Mar. Say you ſo? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Pleaſe it you;
As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reaſon, Lady, why you aſk.

Cath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman; is not veal a [calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Cath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks?
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen:
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe, ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.

Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff.——

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits. [*Exeunt King and Lords.*

SCENE VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondered at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puft out.

Roſ. Well-liking wits they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit—kingly?—poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to night?
Or ever but in vizors ſhew their faces?
This pert Biron was out of count'nance quite.

Roſ. O! they were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.

Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my ſervant ſtrait was mute.

Cath. Lord Longaville ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!

Roſ. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps †.
But will you hear? the king is my love ſworn.

† This line is not univerſally underſtood, becauſe every reader does not know that a *ſtatute-cap* is part of the academical habit. *Warburton.*

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And Longaville was for my ſervice born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows;
Therefore, change favours, and, when they repair,
Blow, like ſweet roſes, in this ſummer air.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud:
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhewn,
Are angels vailing clouds; or roſes blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity; what ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?

Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be adviſ'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguiſ'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguiſ'd like Muſcovites in ſhapeleſs † gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Princeſs's Pavilion.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their own habits*; Boyet, *meeting them.*

King. Fair Sir, God ſave you! Where's the Princeſs?

† Uncouth.

Boyet. Gone to her tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, command me any ſervice to her?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peaſe;
And utters it again, when Jove doth pleaſe:
He is Wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſels, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and liſp: why, this is he
That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the Nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; and in uſhering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet.
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.—
And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes; behaviour, what wert thou,
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet Madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to our court; vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.

Prin. Not ſo, my Lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game.
A meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? Ruſſians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my Lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.

Roſ. Madam, ſpeak true. It is not ſo, my Lord:
My lady, to the manner of theſe days,
In courteſy gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my Lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.

Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the vizors was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizor, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my Lord? why looks your Highneſs ſad?
Roſ. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, Lady, dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout;
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime, like a blind harper's ſong.
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them; and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet *yea's*, and honeſt kerſy *no's*:

And to begin, wench, (ſo God help me, law!)
My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.
Roſ. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'll leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee;
Write, *Lord, have mercy on us*, on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lyes;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
Theſe lords are viſited, you are not free;
For the lord's tokens on you both I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe tokens to us.
Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, ſweet Madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion,
Some fair excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not * to forſwear.
King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and, therefore keep it. Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me

* *i. e.* You make no difficulty to forſwear.

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourable doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

Roſ. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this; but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear:
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,
That ſmiles his cheek in * years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's di pos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours, and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is.——And might not you
[*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the ſquier †,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?

* I am inclined to think Mr Theobold's conjecture, *in jeers*, bids faireſt for being the true reading *Reviſal.*

† From the French word, *eſquierre*, a rule, or ſquare. The ſenſe is nearly the ſame as that of the proverbial expreſſion in our own language, *He hath got the length of her foot* that is, he hath humoured her ſo long that he can perſuade her to what he pleaſes. *Reviſal.*

You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O Lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, Sir, but it is very fine;
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine.

Coſt. Not ſo, Sir, under correction, Sir, I hope, it is not ſo. You cannot beg us *, Sir; I can aſſure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope, three times three, Sir———

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, Sir, we know where until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O Lord, Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O Lord, Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors, Sir, will ſhew where until it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Coſt. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great. For mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take ſome care.

* That is, we are not fools, our next relations cannot *beg* the wardſhip of our perſons and fortunes. One of the legal teſts of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. *Johnſon.*

King. Biron, they will ſhame us; let them not approach. [*Exit* Coſt.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my Lord; and 'tis ſome policy
To have one ſhow worſe than the King's and his company.

King. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good Lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents †;
Their form, confounded, makes moſt form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my Lord.

SCENE IX.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why aſk you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey-monarch; for I proteſt, the ſchoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna de la guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal coupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: he preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the Great; the pariſh-curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabeus.
And if theſe four worthies in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There are five in the firſt ſhow.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy.

† This line may be read better thus,

——————*The contents*
Die in the zeal of him *which* them *preſents.*

A bare throw at *Novum* †, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Coſtard, *for* Pompey.

Coſt. I Pompey am——

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Coſt. I Pompey am——

Boyet. With Libbard's head on knee ‡.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker: I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Coſt. It is great, Sir; Pompey *ſurnam'd the Great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield,
Did make my foe to ſweat:
And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your Ladyſhip would ſay, "thanks—Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the beſt worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*
By eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might;
My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no you are not; for it ſtands too right.

† I ſuppoſe it ſhould be *a fair throw at novem,* as it carried ſomething more than half that number. *Reviſal.*

‡ This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and ſhoulders had uſually, by way of ornament, the reſemblance of a *Leopard's* or *Lion's* head. *Warburton.*

Biron. Your noſe ſmells no in this, moſt tender ſmelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmaid: proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, Aliſander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,——

Coſt. Your ſervant, and Coſtard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown Aliſander the conqueror. [*to* Nath.] You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-axe * ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, will be given to A-jax; he will be then the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? run away for ſhame, Aliſander. [*Exit* Nath.] There, an't pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth, and a very good bowler; but for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis—a little o'erparted—but there are worthies a-coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp, [*canis;*
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus.*
Quoniam he ſeemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology——
[*To* Moth.] Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh.

Hol. *Judas I am.* [*Exit* Moth.

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iſcariot, Sir;
Judas I am, ycleped Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

* Alluding to the arms given to the nine worthies in the old hiſtory. *Hanmer.*

Biron. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. *Judas I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæſar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.

Biron. St George's half cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an aſs, let him go. And ſo adieu, ſweet Jude; nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet A light for Monſieur Judas; it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas! poor Machabeus, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think, Hector was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances almighty, Gave Hector a gift,* ——

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man ſo breath'd, that certain he would fight ye
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten; Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd: But I will forward with my device;

To the Princeſs.] Sweet royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet Grace's ſlipper. [lighted.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far ſurmounted Hannibal.*

Coſt. The party is gone, fellow Hector, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

Coſt. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor wench is caſt away; ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for Jaquenetta,

that is quick by him; and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd; more Ates, more Ates *; ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll ſlaſh; I'll do't by the ſword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed worthies.

Coſt. I'll do't in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute Pompey!

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not ſee, Pompey is uncaſing for the combat: what mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen †; ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none but a diſh-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

* That is, more inſtigation. Ate was the miſchievous goddeſs that incited to bloodſhed. *Johnſon.*

† This may poſſibly allude to a ſtory, well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his beſt ſervices.

SCENE X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God ſave you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, Macard, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mac. I'm ſorry, Madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even ſo: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have ſeen the days of wrong † through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious Lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy Lords;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:

The dying man told him he had but one requeſt to make to him, but conjured him by the memory of their paſt friendſhip punctually to comply with it, which was, not to ſuffer him to be ſtript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promiſed, the Spaniard cloſed his eyes, and expired with great compoſure and reſignation. But his friend's curioſity prevailing over his good faith, he had him ſtript, and found, to his great ſurpriſe, that he was without a ſhirt. *Warburton.*

† This has no meaning, we ſhould read *the day of* RIGHT, *i. e.* I have foreſeen that a day will come when I ſhall have juſtice done me, and therefore I prudently reſerve myſelf for that time. *Warburton.*

Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd: ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief;
And by theſe badges underſtand the King.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, Ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th' oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping in vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, Ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both, fair Ladies, you;
And even that falſehood, in itſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them

As courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy;
As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our reſpects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves,
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſ. We did not cote them ſo.

King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and therefore, this——
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge; challenge me, by theſe deſerts;
And by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled to the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter * up theſe powers of mine with reſt;
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breaſt.

* We ſhould read, *fetter* up. *Warburton.*

Biron. † And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife!——a beard, fair health and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O, ſhall I ſay I thank you, gentle wife?

Cath. Not ſo, my Lord——a twelve-month and a day——
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay.
Come, when the King doth to my Lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.

Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet ſwear not, leſt ye be forſworn again.

Long. What ſays Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.

Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.

Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I ſaw you; and the world's large tongue

† The ſix following verſes both Dr Thirlby and Mr Warburton concur to think ſhould be expung'd; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's firſt draught, which he afterwards rejected; and executed the ſame thought a little lower with much more ſpirit and elegance. Shakeſpeare is not to anſwer for the preſent abſurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Roſalind's ſpeech too long in the ſecond plan, had abridged it to the lines above quoted: but, in publiſhing the play, ſtupidly printed both the original ſpeech of Shakeſpeare, and their own abridgement of it.

Theobald.

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That ly within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You ſhall this twelve-month-term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow-laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lyes in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit;
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befal what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leave. [*To the King.*

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill; theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majeſty, vouchſafe me—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteem'd Greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? It ſhould have follow'd in the end of our ſhow.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.——

Enter all, for the Song.

This ſide is *Hiems*, winter.
This *Ver*, the ſpring: the one maintained by the owl.
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The SONG.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail;

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!———
———*A merry note,*
While greaſy Jone doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!———
———*A merry note,*
While greaſy Jone doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt omnes* †.

* *i. e.* ſcum the pot.

† In this play, which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected, as unworthy of our poet, it muſt be confeſſed that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar; and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden Queen. But there are ſcattered through the whole, many ſparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakeſpeare. *Johnſon.*

THE

WINTER's TALE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMINES,
DION,
} Sicilian Lords.
Another Sicilian Lord.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.
An attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a court of judicature.
Old ſhepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his ſon.
A mariner.
Goaler.
Servant to the old ſhepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
TIME, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady.
Two other Ladies.
MOPSA,
DORCAS,
} Shepherdeſſes.

Satyrs for a dance, ſhepherds, ſhepherdeſſes, guards, and attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Sicilia, *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

THE WINTER'S TALE*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Leontes's *Palace.*

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Archidamus.

IF you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay—we will give

* This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author: and in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable country tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakeſpeare, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild. Milton.

This was neceſſary to obſerve, in mere juſtice to the play, as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection. *Warburton.*

you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf overkind to Bohemia; they were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies, that they have ſeemed to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heavens continue their loves!———

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed phyſics the ſubject *, makes old hearts freſh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

* Affords a cordial to the ſtate. *Johnſon.*

SCENE II.

Opens to the Preſence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry ſtar hath been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt; and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow *
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
"This is put forth too truly." Beſides, I have ſtaid
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gainſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo:
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,
So ſoon as yours could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,

* *That may blow*, i. e. *may there blow*. A galliciſm.

To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure
All in Bohemia's well: this ſatisfaction
The bygone day proclaim'd: ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay;
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure
[*To* Pol.
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my Lord, I'll give you my commiſſion,
To lett him there a month, behind the geſt *
Prefix'd for's parting; yet, (good heed), Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t' unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
"You ſhall not go:" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner, or my gueſt? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, Madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,

* *Beyond the liſt*, i. e. *limit*. Reviſal.

Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your goaler then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come I'll queſtion you
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord the verier wag o' th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' impoſition clear'd †,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!———
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;——
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.

Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt

† *i. e.* Setting aſide original ſin. *Warburton.*

To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when,
Three crabbed months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
Th' other for ſome while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot———— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me—my heart dances;
But not for joy—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer†; oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows—Mamillius,

† A leſſon upon the horn, at the death of the deer. *Theobald.*

Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good Lord.
Leo. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Pol. *and* Her.
Upon his palm?——how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,
To be full like me.—Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye; ſweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams——(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,
And fellow'ſt Nothing. Then 'tis very credent
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What chear? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!

Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money †?

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will!—why, happy man be's dole!—
My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all;
He makes a July's day ſhort as December;
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me; we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are yours i'th' garden; ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky.—I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
[*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
Go to, go to.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Ex.* Polix. Her. *and attendants. Manent* Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.

† *i. e.* Will you put up affronts? *Smith.*

To her allowing huſband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears,——a fork'd one.——
Go, play, boy, play——thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play——there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſic for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
From eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of's
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.

Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? is Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius—Thou'rt an honeſt man:
[*Exit* Mamil.

SCENE III.

Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay, at your petitions made,
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo forth; 'tis far gone,

When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer———

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your Highneſs, and th' entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your miſtreſs?—ſatisfy?—
Let that ſuffice. I've truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the things neareſt my heart; as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity: deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord———

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free;
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out *
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my Lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn); or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man that does not think it);
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth plight: ſay't, and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty): horſing foot on foot?

* This is one of the expreſſions by which Shakeſpeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This ſounding phraſe means, I think, no more than *a thing neceſſary to be done.* Johnſon.

Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing, Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia,——who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: ay, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd); thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a lingring dram that ſhould not work,
Maliciouſly, like poiſon. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.—— * Make't thy queſtion, and go rot:
Do'ſt think I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? ſully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
(Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps:)
Give ſcandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt adviſ'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one

* *Mark this queſtion, and go do't; i. e.* mark this queſtion I am about to aſk; and if it doth, as it muſt, appear unanſwerable, go and do what I have requeſted, without further ſcruple. *Reviſal.*

Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his ſo to.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.—Happy ſtar reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complections are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle;) I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
Thereof to be inform'd; impriſon't not [ledge
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine), that thou declare,
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my coun-
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd, as [ſel,
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't *, that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.

* *i. e.* To draw, perſuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. *Warburton.*

Pol. Oh, then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,
The fabric of his folly, whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I'm ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lyes incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o' th' city. For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.——This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever

Profeſs'd to him; why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'erſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen's, part of his theme; but no-
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, Camillo, [thing
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and* Ladies.

Hermione.

TAke the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill. I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of womens faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a Lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall

Preſent our ſervices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man——
Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;——I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſt! There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts——I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.——

Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd † thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.

Leo. I know too well.——
Give me the boy; [*To* Herm.] I'm glad you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.——

Her. What, is this ſport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for it is Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,——
That mercy do's; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf.—Theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,

† Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the vulgar, concerning thoſe who were enchanted, and faſtened to the ſpot, by charms ſuperior to their own. *Warburton.*

(From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,)
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place;
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.——I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile Principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle, my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my Lords,

With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd!——
Leo. Shall I be heard?——
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highneſs,
My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
[*To her Ladies.*
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord:
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.
Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[*Exit* Queen *guarded*; *and Ladies.*
Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your Queen, your ſon.
Lord. For her, my Lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtable † where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and ſee, no further truſt her:
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good, my Lord——

† *Stable-ſtand (ſtabilis ſtatio,* as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the foreſt laws, and ſignifies a place where a deer-ſtealer fixes his ſtand under ſome convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing deer as they paſs by. *Hanmer.*

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-dam him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters, the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond and the third nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing this; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel *. [*Striking his brows.*

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation: our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us, inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

* The inſtruments of that you feel. *Reviſal.*

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only; nought for approbation †,
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Make up to th' deed), do puſh on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild), I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomines and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Though I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd:
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in public; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. aſide] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Paulina, *and Gentlemen.*

Paul. The keeper of the priſon,—call to him:
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon?

† Proof.

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Goal. For a worthy Lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Goal. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honeſty and honour
From the acceſs of gentle viſitors!
Is it lawful, pray you, to ſee her women?
Any of them? Emilia?
Goal. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put apart theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Gent.*
Goal. And, Madam, I muſt be
Preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Goaler.
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Enter Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater);
She is, ſomething before her time, delivered.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, My poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes † i' th' King! beſhrew them,

† *Lunes*, fits of phrenzy. A galliciſm.

He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen.
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudeſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o' th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your Lady-
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently [ſhip
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this deſign,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let it not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you come ſomething nearer.

Goal. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.

Goal. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt;—it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being—part o'th' cauſe,
She, the adultreſs—for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Atten. He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And downright languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go.
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares.——Fy, fy, no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my Lords, be ſecond to me:

Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. within.] Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night: [commanded
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honeſt as either to purge him of that humour
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your Highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo. What? canſt not rule her?

Paul. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear.
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run;
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come——
And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeems yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;

And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off;
But firſt I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her, out o' door;
A moſt intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not ſo;
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In ſo intitling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.
[*To* Antigonus.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooſted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy croan.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere paſt all
You'd call your children yours. [doubt
Leo. A neſt of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf. For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe [not
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was ſound.
Leo. A callat

Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes:
Hence with it and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip;
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley;
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours,
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.
Leo. A groſs hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the huſbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.
Leo. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not ſhe that burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen,
Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, ſomething ſa-
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, [vours
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you do not puſh me, I'll be gone.

—Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; Jove
send her
A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewell, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard's brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're liars all.

Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs give us better
credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come), that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel——
[*They kneel.*

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel,
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
—It ſhall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither:
[*To* Antigonus.
You that have been ſo tenderly officious

With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey); what will you adven-
To ſave this brat's life? [ture

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the
Of any point in't ſhall not only be [fail
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this: tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
—Poor thing condemn'd to loſs——

[*Exit with the child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come

An hour ſince. Cleomines and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.

Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent; this good ſpeed foretels
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords,
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady: for as ſhe hath
Been publicly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Part of Sicily, *near the Sea-ſide.*

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion, *with Attendants.*

Cleomines.

THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them), and the reve-
Of the grave wearers. O the ſacrifice— [rence
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burſt,
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpris'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o'th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen, (O be't ſo!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,

Turn all to th' beſt! Theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the buſineſs; when the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go——freſh horſes——
And gracious be the iſſue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Repreſents a Court of Juſtice.

Leontes, *Lords and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leo. This ſeſſion, (to our great grief, we pronounce),
Ev'n puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belovd';——let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
—Produce the priſoner.

Offic. It is his Highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court.—Silence!

Hermione *is brought in guarded*; Paulina, *and Ladies, attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offic. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo, *to take away the life of our ſovereign Lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence* † *whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject,*

† *Pretence* is, in this place, taken for a *ſcheme laid*, a *deſign formed.* Johnſon.

didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, *Not guilty*: mine integrity
Being counted falſehood ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus—If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd to take ſpectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrained to appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fy, upon my grave?

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than miſtreſs of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as yourſelf commanded;
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend, whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant freely,
That it was yours. Now for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And why he left your court, the gods themſelves
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo), ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt-out, like to itſelf,
No farther owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,

The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm bari'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily, is from my breaſt,
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder; myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; with immodeſt hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'long
To women of all faſhion. Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;——no life,
I prize it not a ſtraw—but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake), I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my father.
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Offic. You here ſhall ſwear upon the ſword of ju-
That you, Cleomines and Dion, have [ſtice,
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that ſince then
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offic. *Hermione is chaſte, Polixenes blameleſs, Camillo*

a true ſubject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truely begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that which is loſt be not found.

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praiſed!

Leo. Haſt thou read truth?

Offic. Ay, my Lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' oracle:
The ſeſſion ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King, the King——

Leo. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed *, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.——How now? there!

[Hermione *faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.

[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New-woo my Queen, recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon

* Of the *event* of the Queen's trial: ſo we ſtill ſay, he *ſped* well or ill. *Johnſon.*

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour. How he gliſters
Through my dark ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.———

Lord. What fit is this, good Lady?

Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling? burning
In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhew thee of a ſoul inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer; but the laſt——O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, Woe!—the Queen, the Queen,
The ſweeteſt, deareſt creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not drop down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't: if word nor oath
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou can'ſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I' th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:

I'll not remenber you of my own Lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſay but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pry'thee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they ly, and tears ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe,
So long I daily vow to uſe it. Come,
And lead me to theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bohemia. *A deſert Country; the Sea at a little diſtance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd
The deſerts of Bohemia? [upon

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear
We've landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns, with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i' th' land: 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart to be ſo rid o' th' buſineſs.
[*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe; I have heard,
But not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead

May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. "Good Antigonus,
"Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
"Hath made thy perſon for the thrower out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted loſt for ever and ever, Perdita,
"I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,
"Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
"Thy wife Paulina more."—And ſo with ſhrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There ly, and there thy character: there theſe,
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins—Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow—weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw [have

The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get aboard——this is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

SCENE VII.

Enter an old ſhepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting—Hark you now!—would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep, which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bairn! a very pretty bairn! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; ſure, ſome 'ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come: he hallow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hao!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!——

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; but I am not to ſay it is a ſea; for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore: but that's not to the point; oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor

ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cried to me for help, and ſaid his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the ſea or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.——— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't; ſo, let's ſee. It was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome changeling: open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next wāy. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſy. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten; they are never

curs'd but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

Clo. Marry will I; and you ſhall help to put him i' th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

Enter Time, *as Chorus* *.

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make † and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs, and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o' th' King's, whom Florizel
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace

* I am perſuaded, from the inſipid flatneſs of the expreſſion, and the poverty of the ſentiment, that this chorus is an interpolation of the players. *Reviſal.*

† *Maſk.* Theobald.

Equal with wond'ring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not prophecy. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly you never may. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Polixenes.

I Pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes which none without thee can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſidered, (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pry'thee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou calleſt him, and reconciled king my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious,

queen and children are, even now, to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaweſt thou the Prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have miſſingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſidered ſo much, Camillo, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imaginations of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo—we muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Country.

Enter Autolycus *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peere,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,

Why, then comes in the ſweet o' th' year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale *.
The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my pugging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chaunts,
With hey! with hey! the thruſh and the jay,
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we ly tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffic is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus, being litter'd under Mercury; who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this capariſon; and my revenue is the ſilly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.——A prize! a prize!

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee—Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine——— [*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me ſee,

* *For the red blood* runs *in the* winter *pale.* Thirlby.

what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt; three pounds of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice—— what will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers; three-man—ſong-men all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates—— none——that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o' th' ſun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' th' name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death——

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſeman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, ſweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſeman's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames *: I knew him once a ſervant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon †, and married a tinker's wife, within a mile where my land and living lyes; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in a rogue; ſome call him *Autolycus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can

* *Troumadame*, French. The game of nine-holes. *Warburton.*

† *i. e.* the *puppet-ſhew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author. *Warburton.*

ſtand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewell; I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir!—Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd *, and my name put into the book of virtue.

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Proſpect of a Shepherd's Cott.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark † o' th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts

* Begging gipſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhew of an incorporated body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled if he does not ſo and ſo.
Warburton.

† The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation.
Johnſon.

In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.
Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread: your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up! what would he ſay, or how
Should I, in theſe my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their tranſformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte; ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o' th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou deareſt Perdita,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feaſt; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay *no*. Be merry, Gentle,
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe with any thing

That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach;
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly;
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.——Reverend Sirs,
For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages

With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o'th' ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call nature's baſtards; of that kind
Our ruſtic garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art which in their piedneſs ſhares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean; ſo over that art
Which, you ſay, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes: you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January

Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o'th' spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty: violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; (a malady
Most incident to maids); gold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to ly and play on:
Not like a coarse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,

And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs that ever
Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf.
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething
That makes her blood look out: good ſooth ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be our miſtreſs; marry, garlick to mend her kiſſing with——

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come ſtrike up.

Here a dance of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing, tho' I report it

That ſhould be ſilent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man or woman of all ſizes; no millener can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange), with ſuch delicate burdens of *didle-dos* and *fa-dings: jump her and thump her:* and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any braided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why he ſings them over as they were gods and goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-band, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle-bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfumes for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhouldſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they ſhould wear their faces? is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well they are whiſpering. Clamour your tongues †, and not one word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

† Charm your tongues. *Hanmer.*

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad: therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how an uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying an uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to it, one Miſtreſs Taleporter, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by, and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another,——

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you muſt know; 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' grange, or mill,*
Dor. *If to either, thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What, neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves; my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the firſt choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em. [*Aſide.*

SONG.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread,
Any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Ex.* Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there are three carters *, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine herds, that have made themſelves all men of hair †, they call themſelves Saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o' th' mind, if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling ‡, it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us. Pray, let's ſee theſe four-threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your pratting; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve ſatyrs.

Pol. aſide.] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them.
He's ſimple, and tells much.——How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks; I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this

* Three goat-herds. *Theobald.*

† Hairy men, or ſatyrs. *Johnſon.*

‡ *Bowling*, I believe, is, here, a term for a dance of ſmooth motion, without great exertion of agility. *Johnſ.*

Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts ſhe looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow
That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand was fair before!—I've put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation: let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I' th' virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate †?
Lyes he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

† Perhaps for *diſpute* we might read *compute*; but *diſpute his eſtate* may be the ſame with, *talk over his affairs.* Johnſon.

My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſceptre's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I'm ſorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with———

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than * Deucalion off. Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dread blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea, him too
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

* I think for *far than*, we ſhould read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin, even ſo far off as Deucalion, the common anceſtor of all. *Johnſon.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here, undone,
I was not much afraid †; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone?
[*To* Florizel.
I told you what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care:—this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,
[*To* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three *,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To ly cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

† The character is here finely ſuſtained. To have made her quite aſtoniſhed on the king's diſcovery of himſelf, had not become her birth; and to have given her preſence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. *Warburton.*

* Theſe ſentiments, which the Poet has heightened by a ſtrain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the ſpeaker, whoſe ſelfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here ſupported, by ſhewing no regard for his ſon or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three*.. Warburton.

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs
You do not purpoſe to him); and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight as yet, I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'were known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o' th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within.—Lift up thy looks—
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be adviſ'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy *: if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide

* It muſt be remembered that *fancy*, in this author, very often, as in this place, means *love*. Johnſon.

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more, caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver; I am put to ſea
With her whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Camillo.

Cam. aſide.] He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now, good Camillo——
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor ſervices, o'th' love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſic
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſettled project

May ſuffer alteration, on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, Heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her;
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet;
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance *, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me.
This follows. If you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair Princeſs,
For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be, 'fore Leontes.
She ſhall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i' th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

* As *chance* has driven me to theſe extremities, ſo I commit myſelf to *chance* to be conducted through them. *Johnſon.*

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts, Sir.
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which ſhall point you forth at ev'ry ſitting
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complection, and whoſe heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven [years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' th' rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita——
But oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! Camillo,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bohemia's ſon,

Nor ſhall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all by there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene you play were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word—

[*They talk aſide.*

SCENE X.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, nor a ribbond, glaſs, pomander *, browch, table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown, who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man, grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel *and* Perdita, *come forward.*

* A little ball made of perfumes, worn to prevent infection in times of plague. *Gray.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King Leontes——

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autolycus.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now,—why hanging. [*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal that from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly, thou muſt think there's neceſſity in't, and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth, on his ſide be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir;—I know you well enough. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee diſpatch: the gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir;—I ſmell the trick on't.—— [*Aſide.*

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle,
Fortunate miſtreſs!—let my prophecy
Come home to ye,—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming, that you may,
For I do fear eyes over you, to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the play ſo lyes,
That I muſt bear a part.
Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.
Cam Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
Aut. Adieu, Sir.
Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.
Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King
[*Aſide.*
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.
Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to th' ſea ſide.
[*Exit* Flor. *with* Per.
Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity, ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't *; I hold it the more knavery to

* This is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer, inſtead of, *if I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King with al, I'd not do it.*

conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter a Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King; and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word; yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies? [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance.——Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement *.—How now, ruſtics, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your Worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there,——what? with whom? the condition of that farthel? the place of your

* The beard.

dwelling? your names? your age? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel, therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the court in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs——court contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *cap-a-pè*; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch ſecrets in this farthel

and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy, and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germain to him, tho' removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I. Draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims, ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſider'd

I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf, and if it be in man beſides the King to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold: ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ſton'd, and flay'd alive.——

Shep. An't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; Ill make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs.

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; —hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd: and remain, as he ſays, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea-ſide, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shep. *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee Fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good: which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhore

them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him I will preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

Cleomines.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the heav'ns have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion that e'er man
Ered his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
Kill'd? ſhe I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good
Say ſo but ſeldom. [now,

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little
What dangers (by his Highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well †?
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My Lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary;
Oppoſe againſt their wills.——Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!

† Without doubt Shakeſpeare wrote,
——*What were more holy,*
Than to rejoice the former Queen? THIS WILL.
Warburton.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and on this ſtage,
(Where we offend her now †) appear ſoul-vext,
And begin, Why to me?——
Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.
Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I ſhould ſo,
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd; I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*
Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe dead coals. Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!
Paul. Then good my Lords, bear witneſs to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront * his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.
Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry—if you will, Sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.
Leo. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry 'till thou bid'ſt us.

† *Were we offenders now.* Reviſal.
* *To affront, is to meet.* Johnſon.

Paul. That
Shall be when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princeſs, ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld, deſires
Acceſs to your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His Princeſs, ſay you, with him?
Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; (but your writing now,
Is colder than that theme) *ſhe had not been,*
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you've ſeen a better.
Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon),
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.
Leo. Go, Cleomines;

Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
[*Exit* Cleomines.
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince,
Jewel of children, ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.——

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As your fair Princeſs, goddeſs!——oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly!) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
Tho' bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King at friend
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me ſay ſo, more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living,

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I've done thee ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful uſage,
At leaſt, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much leſs
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Lybia.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his * parting with her; thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your Highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Lybia, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here: you have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſueleſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

* At *parting with her.* Reviſal.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo high. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his ſon, who has
His dignity and duty both caſt off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.
Leo. Where's Bohemia? ſpeak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage: to your court
Whilſt he was haſtning, in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour and whoſe honeſty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge;
He's with the King your father.
Leo. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, Sir: I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves, as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.
Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leo. You are marry'd?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
Leo. That *once*, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though Fortune, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. 'Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate. At your requeſt
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her
Even in theſe looks I made——But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my Lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Near the Court in Sicilia.

Enter Autolycus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?
1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel,

heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber. Only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: the news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward; he can deliver you more. How goes it now? Sir, this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione,—her jewel about the neck of it,—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding,—— and many other evidences

proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King, being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then aſks Bohemia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much to juſtify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her huſband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe

would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, tho' not the fiſh), was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs, hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter, Giulio Romano; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they ſay one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know

not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be), who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

SCENE VI.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: ſee you theſe cloaths? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were beſt ſay theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins † ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How, if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it; and I would thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee.

Paul. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your grace which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

† *Franklin* is a *freeholder* or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. Johnſon.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.
Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death; behold, and ſay 'tis well!
[Paulina *draws a curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak.——Firſt you, my liege.
Comes it not ſomething near?
Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magic in thy majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee.
Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that

I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.——Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;——
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain,

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that methinks, already †—
What was he that did make it? ſee, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O ſweet Paulina,

† The ſentence compleated is,
——*but that, methinks, already I converſe with the dead.*
But there his paſſion made him break off. *Warburton.*
The Poet's meaning was the direct contrary,
Methinks already ſhe is on the point of moving. Reviſal.

Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let alone.
Paul. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction hath a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chiſel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith: then, all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
Paul. Muſic; awake her: ſtrike. [*Muſic.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive ſhe ſtirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*

Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as
You hear my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe.——Fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing.——Turn, good Lady:
Our Perdita is found. [*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head. Tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.

Leo. O peace, Paulina:
Thou ſhouldſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match.

And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable huſband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtify'd
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What?——look upon my brother——Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion.——This, your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King, whom, heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part,
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes**.

* The ſtory of this play is taken from the novel of Doraſtus and Faunia, which may be read in *Shakeſpeare illuſtrated.*

This play, as Dr Warburton juſtly obſerves, is, with all its abſurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented. *Johnſon.*

END OF VOLUME SECOND.